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THE

STORY OF A DILDOE



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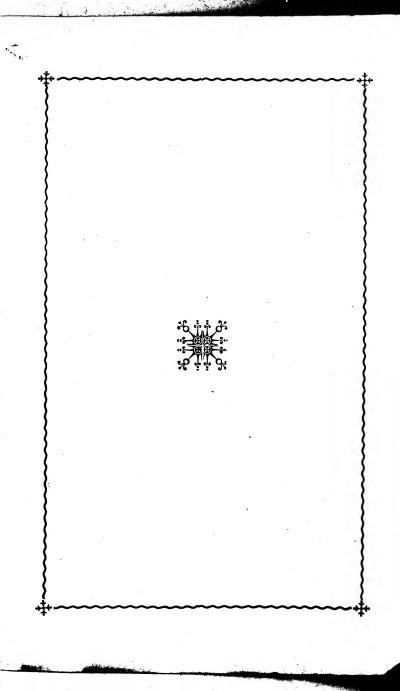
Story of a Dildoe

A TALE

IN FIVE TABLEAUX



LONDON
PRIVATELY PRINTED.
1891.





The Story of a Dildoe

A TALE IN 5 TABLEAUX

TABLEAU I.

THE DREAM

Madison Square is a fashionable locality in New York, attractive in its architecture, its position and its inhabitants—well to do merchants, cotton brokers, railway contractors and bankers lived there, and there their fashionable wives and daughters gave receptions, and held parties that were the talk of New York society.

The belle of Madison Square was Flore McPherson. She has been celebrated in song, for it was "Flora McPherson of Madison Square that made three separate journeys to Paris" in search of novel-

ties when she had "nothing to wear"—that is, nothing that was not perfectly fresh within the last fortnight. But this history deals with events in the life of Flora before she made the celebrated journey spoken of.

As yet she was but seventeen—plump, fair, rosy, with a wonderful fund of spirits, quick at repartee, and altogether what the Yankees call a "smart gal."

Flora's father was from a Scotch family, and the acuteness he inherited had enabled him to take advantage of numerous lucky chances in the way of railway work, the result of the combined skill and luck being—a fortune.

Flora was his only child. Her mother, a woman devoted to fashion and not companionable to him, so that Flora was indeed her dad's idol, and all that money could purchase her she had. Her private purse was always well replenished, and she was in many respects a girl to be envied.

Of course a young lady with such considerable personal attractions and with such an ample stock of dollars in prospective was not without admirers, but as yet no aspiring young gentleman had made any impression upon her. She was heart-whole, and though fond of society, at every gathering she seemed to take more pleasure in the society of her

young lady friends than in that of any gentleman who hung over her chair and poured his vapid small talk into her ear.

Her two close companions were Laura Addison and Maud Tromp.

Laura was the youngest daughter of a cotton broker, a charming girl about Flora's age, but dark, warm and impulsive, a good heart and a genial temper, and with Southern blood in her veins that made her passionate and daring.

Maud was of a German family, quiet, subdued, lymphatic, dreamy and poetical; but her quiet eyes shewed a nature you could put firm trust in, and anybody who secured the affection of Maud Tromp would have a friend steadfast and true.

Maud was older than the other two, and was "engaged," but her lover held an important position in a mercantile house, and was now in Europe for a year or two on business, so that for consolation during his absence Maud was much in the society of the two girls.

It was a quiet autumn evening when the three sat together in Flora's boudoir. They had not been discussing Shakespeare and the musical glasses, but a theme more interesting to all women—Love.

Flora and Laura had been congratulating Maud on the approaching return af her fiancee, to be followed soon by her marriage—a prospect that poor timid Maud seemed to dread.

"So you wish that courtship could go on for ever, do you?" said Flora. "Well, poor girl, it is rather rough on you to have a slice of two years take out of a pleasant courtship, and then on Henry's return—before you have got used to him again—to be hurried into all the abruptness and reality of matrimony. Still Maud, my dear, realization, in spite of metaphysics, must be better than anticipation. I know my dinner itself is better than the pleasure of expecting it; and it would take some powerful argument to convince me that a husband we can love is not better than a lover we can ditto. What do you say, Laura?"

"Oh, I am with you, my love, by all means," replied Laura. "For my part, I quite envy Maud her good fortune. Henry is a fine, manly fellow, and I'm sure he loves her, and his two years in Europe has no doubt improved him, if that were possible. I anticipate for her a very happy life."

"Oh, you quite mistake me if you think I have any dread or doubt about my future," said Maud earnestly; "it is the actual plunge itself that I dread. I don't pretend to any more modesty than any other girl; but I regard with positive horror the idea or —of—well I suppose I need not be afraid of my own

sex—of a man knowing all about me. Fancy, now, feeling a man—a naked man—getting into bed with one! Ugh!" and Maud positively gave a shudder.

"Ha! ha!" laughed quick, impulsive Laura. "Why, my dear child, you shudder at what most women look forward to with supreme delight; and as for getting into *bed* with you, if I am any judge of Henry's disposition, it strikes me he will get into more than that. Oh! there now, I beg your pardon (and she blushingly put ber hand before her face), I didn't mean to say that, but the thought came and it slipped out."

Maud blushed, and Flora could not help laughing. "Well Maud," said Flora, "I can sympathize with you to some extent, but only to a limited extent, for my part the shock my modesty will receive from the presence, or even the contact of my husband, will, I feel certain, be less than what I shall suffer from what I call the indecent exhibition of a wedding. In the privacy of one's own chamber, with only one's husband to see your blushes, I think there is nothing but what one can get over, but I think it is something awful to be dressed up for an occasion, and starred at by a lot of people who know perfectly well, even down to the youngest boy or girl, what it is all for, and what you are going to be done to."

"Yes," said Laura, "I have often thought of that.

Why, when I was only eleven years old I was bridesmaid to Mary Parker, and as we came out of church the remarks made by the low boys shewed they all knew what it meant, it was something awful; why one boy positively called out, 'Oh, my eye. there's another shop going to be opened to-night.' And when the coachman drove the carriage up he didn't come close enough to the kerb, one man said, 'Now coachman, come up, the young lady can't stretch her leg out all that way, and then a nasty rough fellow says, 'Oh never fear, she'll stretch more than that if he's up to his work by and bye.' Oh, my dear, I thought poor Mary would have fainted. Yes, a wedding is all very well for the dresses and all that, but it has its dark side as well."

"Now, to tell you the truth," said Flora, "and I shall, since we are on the topic, speak without reserve, that remark the man made about—well, about stretching—was rude but apropos; and it sets me thinking whether after all the embrace of a husband is such a desirable thing. I know I once heard mama, when she little thought I was listening, tell a lady about the remark a young lady made who was congratulated on her wedding day. I did not quite catch the words, but I know the idea was that it was a fine thing to be congratulated upon, to be torn all to pieces the first night! Now I can't help thinking

that the actual pain inflicted must be awful, and not worth the pleasure they say comes after it."

"I cannot give any opinion," said Laura, "about a first embrace and the pain it entails; but from an accident I can give an idea of the pleasure. Oh, you need not look so; I don't mean in my own experience. But when I was down South on a visit to Uncle Morris's plantation I got overtaken one night by a storm and crept into one of the sugar-houses for shelter, and there I fell asleep in a corner. When I woke I found I was not alone, for a smart young white man was there—one of the overseers—and a young woman-a quadroon-pretty, lithe and active. They were talking earnestly together and I listened, at first thinking some plot was on, for the slaves were in a dangerous state just then. I found, however, that it was only a love scene I was doomed to be present at, and oh, my dear girls, I shall never forget it. After a lot of kissing and toying, the young man-Tony Barker I found was his namegot her on to a lot of sugar bags that made a capital kind of bed, in a corner, and being thrown on a pile of canes was like a state bed and gave me a full view of the whole proceeding."

Flora and Maud drew their chairs eagerly up to Laura and in one breath exclaimed.

[&]quot;Oh, tell us all about it."

"Well, then, in perfect confidence I will. After kissing and playing, Tony, for, I learned to call him that, took out his dilly."

"Oh, don't be so stupid," said Flora, "as to call it a dilly, that is only what they say in the nursery about a little boy. Surely you know some more manly name for a full grown man's—"

"What?" said Laura laughing. "Why, you hesitate yourself before naming it. However, if it will please you I will call it by its proper name, and in these days of women doctors there can't be any harm in that.

"Well, he took out his *penis* and put it into her hand, and oh! it was a tremendous fellow. I couldn't take my eyes off it, although the sight made me burn with blushes. A great staring, stiff thing with an immense red head, enough to frighten anybody. However, Juno, the dark girl, was not a bit afraid of it; she fondled and caressed it and actually kissed it. Then she laid back, and he lifted up her clothes, and certainly I never saw straighter or handsomer limbs than were displayed. Well, he got over her and in a moment inserted his pegoe."

"Oh," said Flora, "I've caught you. There's another name for it, and a name I once saw in a bad book. Oh, Laura, you have read the book too, or one like it."

"Well, to tell you the truth, I have read one or two," said Laura, "for I got at my brother Tom's box one day, hunting for a trinket I thought he had stolen from me in fun, and there I found one or two books. However don't spoil my story. Well, when he got in she gave a slight scream, perhaps of a little pain, but in a minute it was changed, I am sure, to pleasure; for as he pushed in and out she kept exclaiming, 'Oh! oh! Oh, I shall die! Oh, you will kill me with pleasure!' And at last, as he shot into her his sperm, she clutched him in ecstacy and fainted with delight. I could hardly contain myself, and I felt a most extraordinary sensation in my drawers from sympathy."

During Laura's narrative the colour of the other two girls came and went, and their countenances and nervous twitching of their lips shewed the story excited them.

"Oh, I wish," said Flora, "that it were possible to taste such pleasures without the danger and the wickedness of a man."

"Well, so it is," said Laura, "if you are bold enough; perhaps not the real thing, but at any rate an excellent substitute, as they say of marmalade."

" Oh, whatever can you mean? " said Maud.

"Well, my dears," said Laura, "you must know that when I read this book (by-the-bye, Flora, you

must tell me where you saw a bad book, as you call it) I found at the end an advertisement of an instrument called a dildoe. "

" Oh, yes, I have heard of it," said Flora.

"Well, I have in fact the advertisement in my purse. I will read it to you, " and she read as follows:—

THE DILDOE, OR, LADIES' SYRINGE.

The grand disideratum accomplished by the Patentee, is the substitution of india rubber for the shaft of this article, instead of ivory, horn, wood, silver, wax, or porcelain, heretofore used, none of which substances could resemble the real thing in effect, however beautiful they might be shaped and painted.

The india rubber shaft, when dipped in warm water to bring it to blood heat, is sufficiently soft and elastic so tittilate the female seat of pleasure, without excoriating the vagina, or injuring the mouth of the uterus.

The most complete article is made with a stomacher, in order that one female may fix it firmly on herself so as to operate upon another female. In this case, the ball, or scrotum, is placed between the

thighs of the operator, close under her notch, and her "mons veneris", is entirely concealed by the stomacher. The upper strings are passed round her waist, and tied in front; and the under strings round the thick part of the thighs, and tied behind. In this manner the machine will remain firm and effective throughout the "soft encounter;" and when the receiving female is wrought to that delightful pitch of burning ecstasy that she requires the balmy shower of love to consummate her bliss, she has only to say "now!"

The operator can instantly produce the exhilarating injection by nipping the scrotum with her thighs, because the ball being previously charged with a moisture of cream and gelatine, only requires a slight pressure to produce in the thirsty gap that thrilling sensation so much desired in the critical moment. If the receiver is a glutton, she may be inundated with the emission, and hence the superiority of art over nature, which caused a lady to exclaim that a dildoe was better than a prick, because she could make it spend when she pleased.

This noble instrument may justly be entitled the Maid's Safe—guard, the Widow's comfort, and the Wife's Consolation.

It will cure the virgin of the green sickness without the risk of impregnation.

It will comfort the widow until she can make a suitable match.

And it will be found a never failing source of consolation to those married ladies whose husbands are impotent through age or debauchery.

Many elderly gentlemen, whose affairs have shrunk into their bellies, are in the habit of strapping these instruments on in order to administer due benevolence to aged partners of their beds, because it is well known that a woman is never too old to relish enjoyment, although age incapacitates the male from performing the operation.

Directions for use.—Put a little soap and water into a jug, or cream and gelatine, then take the article and dip its head in, pressing the ball with the thumb, when it will immediately fill. Before using put a lather of soap and water on the head; after using, squeeze out the contents, and hang it up to dry with the head downwards. Use the water tolerably warm, and take care not to put pomatum or grease of any kind upon it, as it softens it too much, and causes it to assume a white colour, which cannot be got out.

N. B.—These pleasing instruments (with directions for use) can be obtained at all booksellers who deal in facetious works, and also at some of the first-rate houses of accommodation. A couple day's no-

tice is required, also a deposit of ten shillings, which will be allowed in the purchase.

"Now if you are bold enough to get one I'm sure it will afford a considerable amount of excitement and pleasure, and cannot have any danger; and whoever obtains it can after operating tell the others how she likes it; and as it can be mutually used it may afford us pleasure all round. I confess I should have got one before now if I had known how to go about it. Now girls who'll bell the cat?"

" Not I for the world," said timid Maud, I should faint at the idea of asking even a woman for one, and I suppose it is some horrid man that makes and sells them."

"Well," said Flora, "I will undertake the commission—easier to me for two or three reasons. In the first place, it is perhaps expensive, and I am richer than you girls and can well afford its purchase; and in the second place my milliner, I am sure, can get it for me without trouble, for many times her conversation and hints have been of a very bold character, and I'm sure she knows where anything of the sort can be got. It was her that shewed me the book I spoke of, which she pre-

tended she had picked up, but which I know was only shewed to induce me to purchase more.—Perhaps I should have done so, only we went to Saratoga, and I saw little of her. However, I will get it. and I promise you that I won't even unpack it—great as my curiosity may be—until we meet here again on Wednesday evening, only two days from now, so girls, let's say no more about it until then."

Soon after this the two young ladies departed,

I don't know what Maud and Laura thought of it, but a writer is privileged to know even the thoughts of his heroine.

When Flora undressed that night she stood in front of the glass and admired the beauties of her person, the ripe smiling lips, the glossy hair, her white and heaving bosoms-those globes as yet unconquered, and then as the thought of the dildoe came into her head she lifted up her robe and looked at the seat of the experiment. A moss rose was not a more charming spectacle than that virgin fanny—a soft down surrounded a pink cleft, the pretty little tip of the clitoris peeping out and pouting as if to tempt a kiss.

"I wonder if it will hurt me?" said Flora, and she inserted the tip of her finger in her moist crack.

" Well, at any rate I will try it, " and with that resolve she got into bed.

In her sleep Flora dreamt of nothing but salacious pleasures. Dildoes red and eager surrounded her, they pressed on her bosom, they looked in her eyes, they tasted the moisture of her sweet cunt; nay more, she dreamed that one—the largest, the most eager—entered her virgin fortress and rammed his head right home.

"Ha, ho, oh, ", sighed the girl in her sleep, and as she felt the acme of pleasure she woke to find her fingers moist and clammy with the juice of love, her fanny hot, but bathed in a delicious dew.

Unconsciously Flora had frigged herself in her sleep, but the feelling she experienced in the act was so delicious that more than ever she resolved to get the dildoe.

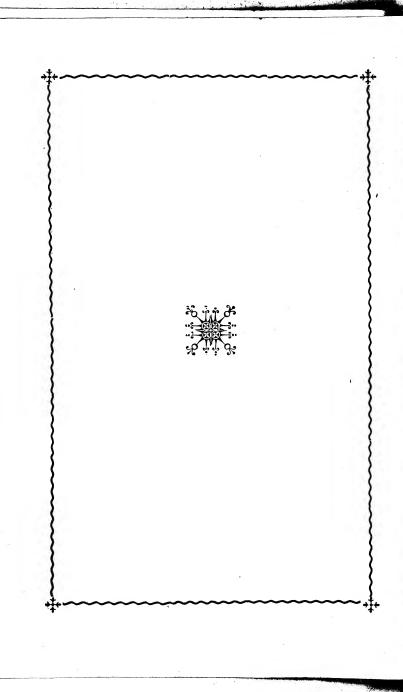


TABLEAU II.

THE PURCHASE.

Flora woke in the morning refreshed from her sleep and with a dreamy recollection of the conversation of the previous evening.

There is something very charming in the sight of a young and fair girl awakening from her slumber, the lovely eyes unclose, and survey with pleasure the prospect of another day's life, the supple limbs stretch out—a deeper breath is taken which throws the beautiful white bosom out in voluptuous fullness, then a soft sigh of pleasure escapes the lips telling of the grateful feeling which follows sweet repose, and as a new day dawns upon the awakening mind, a roseate flush and a bright smile breaks over the countenance like.

" Morn o'er the rosy hills advancing."

Flora rose from her bed, doffed her night—dress, and proceeded to her toilet.

There is a story told of an ambassador who went from England on a mission to select from three princesses at a foreign court, a suitable wife for the young English king, in those days, when kings went to battle, the ambassador deemed it wise to select a maiden of fine physique, so he esconced himself behind the arras, when the three maidens retired for the night, and when an imperious demand was complied with, he marked that an impetous torrent from one girl denoted a vigourous and fine constitution, and he selected her for his master in preference to the other two, whose gentle rills evidently flowed from a weaker source.

To the ear of that ambassador the sound that Flora made would have been as music. It was, in fact, an appropriate overture to the enchanting spectacle which was to follow, as her undraped limbs luxuriated in the bath.

Every movement displayed to advantage her lithe and supple figure, and as she moved gave an enchanting view of white globes, tipped with rose buds—luxuriant tresses, tapering limbs, glossy skin, a mossy mound, which now and then parted in her movements, and disclosed a Coraline grotto—a virgin recess round which a thousand

charms were displayed—of Flora it might well be said:

"Love in her eyes for ever plays, Love o'er her snowy bosom strays; It makes her rosy lips his care, And walks the mazes of her hair."

Probably the poet only confined his ideas, or at least his language, to the hair of the head, of the lady he was eulogising, but it could hold true of Flora, from the tipmost hair of her glorious head to the shortest piece of down which adorned the entrance to her virgin quim.

Her toilet completed, and her figure swathed in a charming morning wrapper, she rang for her chocolate, which was brought her by her maid.

Well, maid she was not, for the gardener had spoilt her claim to that title.

Well, Sophie brought the chocolate, and then having made her determination that the talk of the last evening should not end idly Flora said:

"Sophie, I want you to take a message to Madam Marcelle, the milliner, you know her address."

"Yes, miss," said Sophie, pleased for fresh millinery, meant more—discarded, scarcely used articles were to become her perquisites.

"Reach me my writing case."

Sophie obeyed, and the following note was soon written and dispatched by Sophie:

"Miss McPherson, of Madison Square, requests that Madam Marcelle will call at once, and bring with her any design which she thinks will be approved of."

Two hours later Madame Marcelle was ushered into Flora's boudoir.

Madame Marcelle, one could see at a glance, was a woman of the world, about thirty years of age, of a full and voluptuous figure. There was a look in her face which shewed that though perhaps not quite "blasée" she was well up in all the pleasures of life and had tasted somewhat freely of the cups of wine and love.

A keen, shrewd and unscrupulous woman of business, she was ready at any moment to procure a dainty morsel for some old debauchee, a paramour for a lady, to discount a bill or supply the latest article of feminine costume. And yet there was a time when Carlotta Marcelle was a pretty and innocent littly milliner's apprentice. A hasty marriage, a dissolute husband and a heartless desertion completed the transformation and Carlotta had developed into Madam Marcelle. Thrown on her own resources, she had made the best use of great natural talents and was now a wealthy woman.

The last numbers of LeFollet were soon scanned, the latest fashions and materials soon approved of, and the heart of madam gladdened with pretty extensive orders and carte blanche as to cost and trimmings, and then with somewhat bated breath and a little nervous trepidation Flora proceeded to lead up to the delicate topic on which she wanted to consult madam.

"And now, madam," said Flora, "that business is disposed of, you will taste a little refreshment and spare me a few minutes to discuss the news, you are always so well informed as to the fashionable world."

"La, miss," said madam, as she sipped the curacao that had been proffered her, "I have been so busy that I have had little leisure to note what was going on. I have lost one or two large accounts through the recent failures, and lost a good customer in Mrs. Harcourt, who has eloped to Europe with her groom."

"Oh, do tell me about that," said Flora, "Mrs. Harcourt was a very handsome woman, I remember, and far too good for that dry old fossil, her husband, and too good, I should say for a groom."

"Well, I can't agree with you there, miss," said madam. "The lady don't want means, for she has an ample fortune of her own, and though the groom may not have the education, he has the bearing of a gentleman, and what is more, is a fine manly fellow, and she, I'm sure loves him, and no doubt such a charming woman will be appreciated by him, especially after such a sacrifice. Ah miss, love is worth sacrificing all for, and I can quite sympathize with Mrs. Harcourt loving such a fine, handsome fellow, especially after being forced for five years to live and sleep with such an antiquated old fumbler as 'Old High and Dry,' as they call Harcourt."

- "They have no children, have they?" said Flora.
- "No, my dear," said Madam Marcelle, growing familiar as she grew interested in her favourite topic—intrigue—" and that was one of the excuses she offered to her father, who reproached her for her conduct with Phil, the groom."
- "'What excuse can you offer,' said he, 'for dishonouring your husband?'
- "'Well, pa,' she said, 'reach me that pen and paper and I'll write my excuse,' and she took the pen and commenced to scratch the paper.
- "The old gentleman, who was waiting with interest for some revelation, said.
- "' What foolery is this, girl? You can't write without ink in the pen.'
 - "'That's just it, papa,' said witty Mrs. Harcourt.

I've been trying to write without ink in the pen this last five years, and I've grown tired of it.'"

For a moment Flora failed to see the point of the story; but when she did, and a gesture and look from madam made the point obvious enough, although she blushed, she joined heartily in the laugh at Mrs. Hartcourt's wit.

As the curacao loosened Madam Marcelle's tongue, story followed story and jest jest until Flora, quite familiar, found an opportunity to allude to the book madam had once shewn her.

"I think, madam," said Flora, "I am now no longer a school girl, and to be on our guard against the ways of the world one should know what those ways are. I remember a book you shewed which somewhat startled me at the time, but I am wiser now and should like to read it."

"Ah, miss, I'm sure you are quite right; but that book I have parted with, though I can procure others for you. It is well to be aware of what is going on; besides, love is the universal destiny of all women, and when we are, from circumstances denied its indulgence I don't see what harm there is in gaining excitement and pleasure in reading of others' intrigues as a substitute for the real enjoyment ourselves. I will send you 'strictly privately' some charming books which I am sure will delight and excite

you. Besides, miss, such reading and the feelings they will produce will develope your frame and make you more fitted for sexual enjoyment when your time comes to have it."

"Yes," said Flora, "I am somewhat of a warm temperament, and I fear that reading your books will unduly excite me and arouse feelings which I shall find it difficult to allay."

"Oh, as far as that goes," said madam, "I often read and think of the pleasures I once enjoyed until I quite thirst for a return of them; but I find no difficulty in allaying my desires, if not exactly in the way I should like, for the oath of fidelity I took to Marcelle, though he has deserted me, I have religiously adhered to, yet in a manner that satisfies me."

Flora was too shrewd to interrupt her or let her know that what she evidently alluded to had been in her own thoughts, so she handed the glass again replenished, and innocently asked,

"Pray, how do you manage that?"

"Well, miss, I'll tell you in strict confidence. I am too much of a woman to be guilty of the school girl trick of procuring pleasure with my fingers, and as I told you I will not have anything to do with a man from a religious vow I made; but I have an excellent substitute in a machine called a dildo,

which is made to resemble a man's love prop and which I can use myself, and gives me almost as much pleasure as I could feel in the embrace of a man. Besides, it has no danger, and I'm sure you would enjoy it immensely if you let me get you one similar to mine. You can form no idea of the delight you will experience when you work your feelings up to a joyful pitch of excitement by reading the delightful love tales I can send you; and then when your poor pussy is all pouting and burning for gratification, you thrust this delightful instrument gently in, and after moving it in and out until you feel that you can stand it no longer, you feel in fact that your life-juice is about to flow; you squeeze it and pour into your hot fanny a copious flood of warm, delicious fluid; or you need not enjoy it in solitude, for if you have a lady friend that you can rely on, it may be used for mutual enjoyment and only closing your eyes you can clasp her to you and really imagine your lover is in your arms, and at the same time know that no tell-tale baby will follow your amour. I have your orders to send the books; pray let me send a dildo also. I know you will thank me for it."

After some show of reluctance Flora consented, and highly gratified and with a roll of bank notes thrust into her glove, Madame Marcelle took her departure, and had you met her on the stairs it would never have occurred to you that she had imbibed half-a-dozen glasses of curacao or had talked of any more exciting subject than Miss Flora's new dresses.

TABLEAU III.

THE DILDOE.

It is Wednesday evening.

During the day a parcel had arrived, by hand, carefully sealed up, and delivered into Miss Flora's own hand. Burning with curiosity she would fain have opened it, but she had given her word to her two friends that she would not, and Flora was a girl to keep her promise. Impatiently, however, she sat waiting until her companions made their appearance. They were immediately ushered into Flora's room.

Refreshments were spread, the door locked, a thick curtain drawn across it, that no prying eyes might peep in, and the three girls prepared themselves for an evening of abandon and pleasure.

"Well, love," said Laura, "have you got what you promised?"

"I have, "said Flora, "and more. I have here a parcel unopened wich contains not only the instrument of delight, but some delightful books, which I

am all impatient to read. So now, girls, drink this wine. I pledge you to our thorough enjoyment to our confidence and secresy; and now for the parcel."

"First," said Maud, "let me take off my travelling cloak."

"Oh, yes," said Laura, "and more than that, the room is hot, and we shall better enjoy the reading if unencumbered with too much apparel."

And suiting the action to the word she threw off her cloak, her boots, and partially disrobed, with her lovely bosom glowing in the lamplight, she sat down.

Maud and Flora did the same, and the three lovely girls gathered round the table, their colour glowing, their snowy bosoms heaving, they made a picture which only a Titian could paint and a poet describe.

The seal was broken, the books in tissue wrappers taken out and a box revealed which they instinctively felt contained the article.

"Here," said Flora, "is Pandora's box. It contains our hope. That I will leave for the last. Now for the books."

They eagerly gathered round her. As she unpacked them and as she turned over the leaves and displayed the pictures various were the exclamations that followed; and amidst blushes and laughs and exclamations of delight and wonder the books were read.

- "Oh my!"
- "Oh, how nice!"
- "Oh! do they do it like that?"
- "Oh, my gracious! is a man so large as that represents?"
- "Oh, good gracious! can a woman ever be so shameless as to suffer that?"

Oh, look! he's getting into the very place! or, No; he's doing it from the back!"

- 'Oh, lor, how they seem to enjoy it!"
- "Oh, my! do read about it," and such like observations fell in rapid utterance from their lips.
- "Oh,dear Flora, what a beautiful book of poems is this," said Maud, "and what exquisite pictures, though so very naughty. Do read one of the poems."

Flora turned to the volume, an exquisite copy enriched with choice etchings, entitled, "Lays for Light Hearts; or, Tales of Love in plain English," and read the following ballad:—

We sat beside the limpid stream, That mirrored her sweet face, That mirrored her soft figure, All elegance and grace. The river sang soft lullaby,
Her eyelids drooped down,
And hid her pure and lovely eyes,
Those eyes of hazel brown.

The birds sang sweet carols of love, All nature teemed with joy; She was a sweet and smiling girl, And I a growing boy.

At last my feelings seemed to wake, I felt the throes of love; And in my Nelly's virgin cunt, I meant to have a shove.

My hand stole gently up her leg, And touched her mossy down; And stiff and fiery grew my peg, I could not keep it down.

"What would you do," my Nelly cried,
"You will not do me wrong;"
Oh, no, my love, *I'll do you right*,
It will not *take* me long."

I took my Nelly's maidenhead,
That balmy July day;
And often since that first embrace,
We have renewed our play.

The charming cunt my Nelly owns,
Brings me sweet joys and bliss;
'Tis the sweetest cunt my prick e'er fucked,
The first my lips did kiss.

"Oh, that is nice," said Laura, when Flora had finished the poem.

"But really," said Maud, "do you mean to say that a girl would permit her lover to kiss her there, or that he would be so stupid as to want to do so, I'm sure that seems too absurd."

"Oh, not at all," replied Flora, "I'm sure that is often done, and I see nothing wrong in it, on the contrary it must be awfully nice to have a man so fond of you. Oh, what a delicious sensation to feel his hot lips pressed close to the lips of your fanny, his soft moustache mingling with its down, his tongue just touching caressingly the tip of your clitoris, whilst your whole soul seems ready to melt away into his mouth. Oh, I can quite realise the sensation, and even thinking of it has made me feel quite funny."

And Flora's smile and queer look at once indicated the funny sensation she had experienced, was the spending of a few drops of her balmy essence.

"Oh, Flora dear! so do I, your talk has so excited me that I feel a most curious sensation in my pussy,

and nothing but a good frigging will relieve me. I don't wish to shock you or Maud, but really if I don't spend I shall faint, and if I faint I shall be ill for the evening, so you must excuse me, I must frig myself into a spend or I shall die."

"No, Laura dear, you are my guest," said Flora, in a mock heroic tone, "and it is my duty to entertain you, and I never shirked duty yet, besides it will be a pleasure, so come here and I'll frig you like an angel."

Maud looked on in almost bewilderment, whilst Flora stooped down and Laura over her to be frigged.

Flora did indeed perform her task as an angel, her pretty taper fingers pushed in and out Laura's dainty cunt, now diving into the far recesses, and now dallying round the entrance, toying with the hair, tickling the clitoris, and giving exquisite pleasure with every touch, for the charm of the whole proceeding was the sympathy Flora imparted, and the evident love and mesmeric enjoyment she felt in imparting pleasure. At last Laura, who stood with her hands clasped behind her head, and her eyes cast up lost in extatic pleasure, sighed, and breathed quick, squeezed Flora's fingers tight between her thighs, and poured out with a shudder of enjoyment a copious flood of warm maiden sperm,

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which bathed Flora's fingers with the overflow, and trickled down her wrists.

"Oh, Flora, darling Flora," said the girl, "I will love you so for that. Oh, let me sit down I feel so giddy. Oh, I'm afraid Maud is quite shocked, but I did enjoy it so. Oh, I've made you so wet, do forgive me."

"No dear," said Maud, "I am not shocked, and I'm very glad to see you pleased, but I'm afraid its naughty. But Flora dear, you are now really getting me into a state of excitement and expectation; do unpack the other parcel and satisfy our curiosity."

"So I will love, said Flora, "I can't say I forgot it, but I prolonged its production for the sake of extra pleasure. However, here goes, let us see the pretty toy; and I'm sure if it is a pretty game that can be played with it we are the girls to do it."

So saying Flora took up the parcel, Maud bent eagerly over her. Laura who had now quite recovered the excitement of Flora's tittillations earnestly looked on—the *thing* was wrapped up in several wrappers of silver tissue, and Flora who was brimful of mischief, kept delaying every wrapper, teazingly asking the others what they thought it was like. At last the final wrapper was removed, and Flora held before them

THE DILDOE.

A beautifully made and exact model of a man's prick—in an erect condition, and coloured like nature; the top glowing red, and the base surrounded with short curly hair, altogether a most manly looking article, but being full size it seemed to the startled girls rather a formidable weapon.

"Oh my gracious, what a dreadful thing," said Maud. "Oh I'm sure such a thing as that would kill me."

"Oh nonsense," returned Flora, "you can't have too much of a good thing," and she daintily caressed it. "I own it looks large, but I believe the man who made it is an artist, and he has kept true to nature, and formidable as it may appear I mean to open my fortress to the enemy, and thoroughly capitulate. But see what is this, here is a paper wrapped up which I did not notice; writing I declare, and Madame Marcelle—why it is a poem—come now I must read that."

And with the dildoe lying in her lap, and now and then caressing it, Flora with correct emphasis and genuine feeling, read the following:

ODE TO A PRICK.

Source of my pleasures, fountain of my joy, Parent of my treasures girl and boy; Thou staff of comfort, rod of kingly power, From day to day I think of thee each hour; Thou art my only treasure, darling Prick, For fortune with the world has turned me sick: But *thou* true as the needle to the pole. Turn'st thy carnation head straight to my hole; The king's own spectre could not charm my eye, Though diamonds rare and jewels I there descry; The sparkling dew that graces thy sweet tip, Charms every sense, 'tis fragrance to my lip. And Aaron's staff that blossomed into flowers, Is not so great a wonder as this prick of ours; Yes, I say ours, its greatest share is mine, I use it in its glory, its humbler state is thine. Oft when it slept I've watched its drooping head, The wrinkled foreskin quite concealed the red; Lifeless it lay till fondled with this hand, Then it woke into life, and made a stand, Just like a warrior startled from his rest, By clarions shrill, he donned his fiery crest; Swift to the fray, he's ready for the field, And like that warrior he his blood doth yield. Oh, darling prick, how often has this frame Thrilled with sweet joy when you joined in the game; How oft this cunt was deluged with thy sperm, Each drop of seed, of bliss a loving germ; How oft thy glowing tip has caused this cunt,

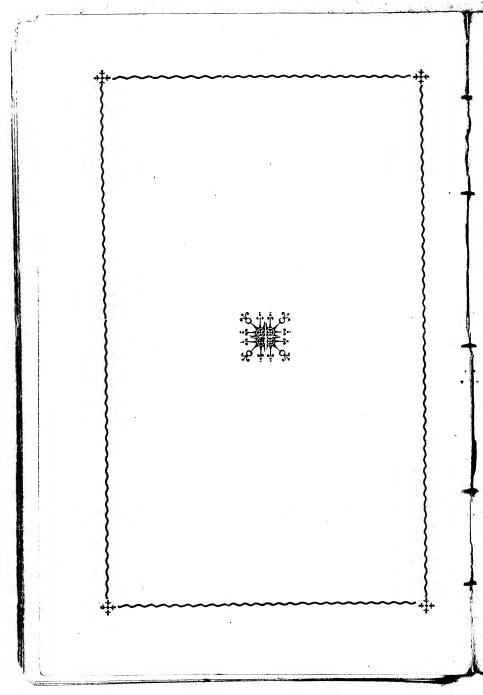
To gape just like an earthquake's gap in front, 'Til you, like Curtius in the days of old. Leaped in, and brought me joy and bliss untold. But now, alas, the prick that once was mine. Sun of my life in other lands doth shine; My sun has set, deserted in life's noon, I thought grief at its loss would kill me soon; But as a child deprived of the breast, Can with a teat of art be lulled to rest. Just so my quim deprived of nature's drop, Found art come to its aid its pangs to stop; When Marcelle's prick was from me wiled away. It turned to darkest night my joyous day; I sighed "Farewell, farewell, the joys of love, Farewell the soft caress, the vigorous shove; Farewell, the pleasure of that glorious rod, That was to me like nectar to a god; Farewell, the happy moments spent in bed, Where oft I've fondled thee from root to head: Farewell, the thrill that use could never blunt, Farewell, the joy that filled my soul and cunt; No more thirsty quim shall drink thy seed, Carlotta's occupation's gone indeed!" When lo! the Dildoe like a sun arose, Dispelled my gloom and healed my many woes; It gives me comfort, for we learnt the trick, I close my eyes, and think 'tis Marcelle's prick;

'Tis true and constant, ne'er away does roam,
The fondest husband sticks not close to home;
Take this sweet girl, and when with joy you've
[thrilled, oh;

Then thank your friend for sending you a Dildoe!

"Oh, how nice," said Laura, when Flora had finished.

"It is indeed very clever," said Maud, "and I am sure Madame Marcelle, who is an experienced woman, ought to know better than recommend anything that would do us harm. So, Flora dear, I begin to think that the dildoe must be good for one Come Flora dear, after reading that poem I am all impatient to see its effect, and you are to be the first to try it you know, and Laura shall be your lover. I will be content for this time to *look on*, but I will equip you for the encounter. Laura dear, let me buckle on your sword.



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TABLEAU IV.

THE EQUIPMENT.

The three young ladies were now in a frame of mind well suited for the experiment.

Laura stood up, whilst Maud fastened the dildoe carefully on her, fixing the straps firmly round her polished thighs, and making the manly curly hair with which the base of the instrument was adorned, cover the soft down which Laura's pretty cunt was decorated.

Laura then stood erect, with the dildoe standing out in front of her, and as she surveyed its head defiantly erect, she with great propriety misquoted Byron:

" And now do I stand erect, and for once assume the Godlike attitude of freedom and *of Man*."

As Laura stood with the magnificent priapus stiff before her, with her soft skin, tapering thighs, long silky hair, and glorious bubbies, she certainly looked a curious being. Out of harmony with the eye's experience, but not repulsive, quite the contrary, the figure of a centaur—a combination of man and horse is certainly a *monster*, but at the same time it wins our admiration by its magnificent proportions and the boldness and originality of the conception.

Flora laid back, and although she was somewhat alarmed at the size of the instrument before her, she did not shrink from the experiment, but Laura seemed in no hurry to begin.

She kept waltzing round the room, posing in all sorts of picturesque attitudes *a la Menken* in Mazeppa, and caressing her newly acquired ornament in a most amusing manner.

"Well, my dear girls," said Laura, "this is a most novel sensation, I wonder how on earth the men can manage to keep such a monstrous thing as this so carefully from our eyes. I think if I had such an appendage constantly by me I should not know how to carry it, much less conceal it."

"Oh, but you silly girl," said Flora, "don't you know that when a man's prick is not excited by contact with our sex, or by thoughts of lascivious pleasure, that it is not stiff and big, but comparatively very small indeed; I am sure you must know that when he is so excited the thing cannot be concealed, for we can observe its outline under the trousers.

Oh, I shall never forget a joke that happened to me. I took part in some private theatricals with a gentleman, a very fine man, and well armed, I should say with a concern as big or bigger than the one you have on. We played one scene, a love scene, together-the costume was French, and he wore white worsted pants, with a blue military coat, the skirts of which were turned back in lappels, so as to quite expose his thighs and legs in his very tight worsteds. As he made love he got excited, and I could see his machine grow and swell in his tights until it was quite apparent, and its shape could be seen quite plainly, and I was not the only one that saw it, for the ladies in the stalls giggled and blushed, and put their fans in front of their faces, and the gentlemen laughed outright, though nobody of course thought of hinting at what they saw. I know I blushed, and was very glad when the scene was over, though it was by no means displeasing to see the influence I had, and I could not resist a certain loving feeling to handle the sensitive plant that I saw grow."

"Yes," said Maud, "I am sure we all have noticed the effect you mention, I supposed it has chanced to all of us sometime or other to sit on a gentleman's lap, and frequently we have felt the thing we sat near grow quite hard and stiff, and I know some silly girls who have made great blunders from that, like the girl who told her lover she should sit much more comfortable on his lap if he would take the flute out of his pocket."

The all laughed heartily at this.

"Well, altogether," said Laura, holding out her appendage at full length, "it must be very funny to be a man, and wear such a thing as this. I'll try and describe the sensations as I imagine it."

Flora had a pianoforte in her boudoir, to this Laura walked, and improvised this song, to the air:

I'M AFLOAT!

I'm a man! I'm a man!
And my prick is my pride,
Right slick in the things of the girls it shall glide;
It shall make them feel funny from bosom to
[knee;

I'm a man! I've a prick, and I'm out for a spree.

Oh give me a girl with a cunt brown or black, No matter her colour I'm into her crack, Whether maid, wife, or widow, I care not a fig, As long as she'll kiss, will fuck, and will frig. I care not a bit if she's dark or is fair,

If she is not too young, and her cunt boasts some
[hair;

Then my prick going quick, will be brisk as a flea. And its head ruby red shall fill her with glee.

There is not a woman who boasts of her cunt, But will welcome the treasure I wear on my front; 'Tis the emblem of love, the staff of all joy, The woman's true comfort and favourite toy.

Then open your thighs, and let me glide in, What gives us such pleasure I'm sure can't be [sin;

Or if it is wicked I know I've the pluck, To risk future pain for the joy of a fuck.

"Come, Laura dear," said Flora, "that is a very pretty song, but I know you don't play your character of a man true to nature, or you'd be more impatient to get into this open crack that's impatient to receive you. Come darling, I pitied your feelings just now, and frigged you to a spend, and that I suppose is the reason you now are not in such a hurry, but pity me please! My cunt is on fire, look at the instructions, and do for mercy's sake begin."

" All right Flora dear," replied Laura, " but don't

be impatient, let Maud lubricate your cunt a little more with cold cream, whilst I read you another pretty tale out of this "Lays for Light Hearts," and then I will read the instructions. Get the machine, the darling, in working order, and give you such a jolly canoodleing, or cuddle, or fuck if you like, as would satisfy you even if you were Messalina herself. Come, Maud, lubricate her fanny whilst I read:

THE SUMMER RIDE.

A Story from Piron.

'Twas a beautiful day,
And all Paris was gay,
'Twas the morn of a grand parade;
All the ladies were there,
With their faces so fair,
And their toilets so dainty displayed.

When the sight it was done,
At the end of the fun,
The crowd was so great in the street;
That each coach it was crammed,
Folks together were jammed,
And not one empty cab could you meet.

Now a sweet little blonde,
Of music so fond,
Had leave too see some of the fun;
But home she must haste,
Not a minute must waste,
As soon as the show it was done.

To the coach quick she hies,
But to her surprise,
Not a seat to be had can she see;
When a swell young and gay,
Says, "pray don't run away,
You may ride if you'll sit on my knee."

What else could she do,
Each lost minute she'd rue,
So she daintily sat in his lap;
Whilst the coach journey'd on,
Dropped the folks one by one,
Till was left but this girl and this chap.

Then she said, "Now Monsieur,
There is room enough here,
For me to sit off of your knee."
From his knee did she slide,
And sat down by his side,
But oh, what a sight did he see!

On his holiday trousers,
As white as the snow, Sirs,
He saw a red patch where she'd sat;
He could not help saying,
"That's a nice trick to be playing.
What the deuce do you mean Miss, by that?"

Rosy red grew her face,
'Twas an awful disgrace,
But she framed an excuse quick and witty;
"In a phial in my pocket,
The coach gave such a shock, it
Got broke—'twas red ink, what a pity."

Then she spoke her regret,
But their eyes never met,
Till of looking straight down she got sick, Sir;
When lifting her eyes,
She saw to her surprise,
He held in her view his stiff prick, Sir.

Oh, Sir, do you dare
To insult me, but there
Comes my brother, he's sure you to throttle
Madam! why make this cry,
Dare insult you, not I,
This is merely a cork for your bottle.

"Oh my," said Maud, "I do think it is indelicate to write a poem upon that subject, but I remember one night at the theatre, when they played Mazeppa, a lady acted the hero, and after she had gone through her various poses, when she was carried on a kind of couch in a procession. She came on unwell, and having scanty clothing it was apparent to all the house, until the actor who played the Khan of Tartary, threw his cloak over her."

Whilst Laura was reading, and Maud was talking, Flora had been lolling back, and Maud had been lubricating her quim with cold cream, tittillating her clitoris, and awakening in her feelings of such a passionate character that she could no longer stand any delay.

Looking up, she said:-

"Your conversation is very interesting, but Laura, are you going to fuck me or not."

"Well, yes dear, I will now; let me take off the thing and prepare it for the operation."

Laura took the dildoe in her hand, and following the directions given with it, she and Maud proceeded to fill the ball or scrotum with a warm mixture of cream and gelatine, which Flora had taken care should be ready. Then it was firmly tied on Laura again, the upper strings were tied round her waist, the under strings round her splendidly moulded

thighs, the ball of the dildoe came conveniently under her notch; the stomacher fitted close against her *mons veneris*, the manly curls that adorned it mingled with her golden fringe, and then standing up fully equipped,

"And eager for the fray,"

whilst Flora laid back with gaping cunt, both were ready for.



TABLEAU V.

THE EXPERIMENT.

"You must imagine, my dear," said Laura, "that you are my bride, the excitement of the wedding breakfast is over, and we are left tête-a-tête. I am burning with passion, you are equally so, but maidenly and blushingly coy. However, when we come to the actual wrestle you are as hot as I am."

Flora acted the part well. She turned her face from her lover, covered her blushes with her hands, and drew her linen modestly over her delicious quim.

Laura advanced to her side, knelt down by her, and kissed her face and forehead, murmuring all the while words of endearment such as she imagined a bridegroom would use in the case.

"My own love! let me kiss that soft bosom," and such endearing expressions, whilst she covered her face and bosom with kisses, then sliding her hand up from her ankle, she caressed her thighs, touched her quim, and tickled her sensitive clitoris, until Flora was almost delirious with desire. Then gently sliding her thigh over her, whilst Maud looked on with bewildered interest, she put the tip of the dildoe between the lips of Flora's cunt, whilst she softly murmured.

"Is it nice? Do you like it?"

"Oh, so much; press harder," said Flora.

Laura gently forced the dildoe further in, and to her surprise it glided in right up to the hilt, and the hair at its basewent straight against the mossy bush of Flora's eager cunt.

"Oh! oh! you hurt me, but yet it is delicious. Oh, move it in and out. Do, Laura dear, it is heavenly."

Laura's feelings were now worked up to a keen pitch of excitement, it seemed that the manly appendage had conveyed to her manly desire and ardour, and she pushed the dildoe in and out with many an eager thrust, until at last Flora was on the point of spending.

"Oh Laura, dear Laura, oh, oh, I'm coming. Oh, oh, I shall die. Now, dear now!" she exclaimed.

And Laura taking the hint, squeezed the indiarubber ball tight between her thighs, and so squirted out a flood of warm delicious fluid into the quivering thirsty gap that was eager to receive it. Flora spent at the same moment, and the delicious balm shed by nature mingled with the warm and copious flood supplied by art, and with some more of nature's essence too, for Laura's feelings were wrought to the acme of enjoyment, and she poured out her virgin sperm, which, escaping from behind the stomacher of the dildoe, mingled with the general flood, and made all one delicious spend.

For a few moments they lay entranced, exhausted by their exertions, for Flora had eagerly heaved up her magnificent buttocks in response to Laura's amorous thrusts, and both were quite exhausted, and bathed in perspiration.

"Oh, my dear girls," said Maud, who had looked on, "how you are exhausted, but how thoroughly you seem to have enjoyed it. You made me feel quite strange I assure you, and I felt almost as if I somehow ought to take part in the fun.

"And so you should have done," said Laura, "it would have much heightened my pleasure if you had taken off that fringed scarf and flicked or whipped my bottom with it, whilst I was thrusting my machine into Flora. Come, Flora, you must know something about that, whipping is a great aid to enjoyment, is it not?"

Flora was somewhat recovered from her lassitude, so she sat up and answered.

"I have always heard so but come Laura, you have had pretty considerable experience down South, amongst the Mullatto women, and should know something of flogging and whipping more than my experience can boast of; tell us are the stories we hear of the cruelty and lust exhibited there, exaggerated or not."

"Exaggerated! oh, by no means," said Laura, "there I could tell you such things as would make your flesh creep. Why one of the first things I remember was a scene I witnessed in the house of Mrs. Schenk, her husband had many slaves, some of them pretty young Mullatto women. Mrs. Schenk was a kind mistress in many respects; she taught the girls to read and sew, but she was a furiously iealous woman. There were two very pretty young Mullatto women attached to the house, one about seventeen named Julia, and a younger one no more than sixteen named Ruth. With both of these Mr. Schenk was intimate, but when Julia discovered her master had taken a fancy to Ruth, out of revenge to her rival, she told her mistress, and Mrs. Schenk watched her husband, and one day caught him fucking Ruth in a little sly room leading out of his own, where he pretended he kept his accounts. . I don't think Ruth was willingly sinning against her mistress, but she was afraid if she didn't comply

with her master's desires he'd sell her to the plantations where she would be brutally illtreated by the overseers.

"Well, Mrs. Schenk quarrelled with her husband about it, and for some days she did nothing but cry until the master had to leave home for a journey, and then she seemed to turn into a perfect devil.

"She called Julia and Ruth into her room, and another slave, an old hag from the kitchen called Dorcas, she made them strip Ruth quite naked, and tie her hands and feet, and then she flogged the poor girl with her slippers and with the cords torn down from the blinds, until she was quite exhausted, and the girl's back was covered with blood; and as it was the girl's fanny that had offended her she made them lay her on her back, and open her legs, whilst she cut her poor cunt all to pieces with the hard knotted whipcord. Oh, her cries were terrible, till her mistress desisted from sheer exhaustion."

"But that, "said Maud," must be a mere isolated case, you did not surely see much of such cruelty."

"O hundreds of instances, more than I can tell you, "replied Laura," it was quite evident to me, even when very young, that some masters and overseers whipped their female slaves quite as much to gratify their licentious feelings as to punish them for wrong doing. There is no sort of reserve or modesty in the treatment of slaves, the masters will sleep with girls who are really their own daughters of sisters, without hesitation, so as to raise niggers from them, and the slaves "take up with one another, "without any religious ceremony, in fact the master can make and unmake what matches he likes, the law supports him in whatever he chooses to do to raise stock, it is a profitable thing. Mr. Schenk I heard boast had one woman such a good breeder that she bore him twenty thousand dollars worth of niggers.

"Oh the licentiousness and cruelty is something awful. Mr. Nokes, whose estate joined Mr. Schenk, was very fond of getting up nude dances amongst his slaves. He would set men and women all dancing together quite naked, and play all sorts of indecent tricks with them, such as thrusting the end of his whip handle into the women's quims, and making the men smell it, and all sorts of similar tricks. I have often seen the women made to frig the men until they spend, and Mr. Nokes laughed heartily at them. One woman refused to join in these games before her sons and daughters, 'Oh,' said her master, "your'e modest, are you, " so he ordered them to put her in the vice; one woman put her

knees on the ground and held her head between them, then they drew up her clothes so as to confine her arms, two others stretched her teet out, and held them, and then her whole body, up to her armpits, being bare, Mr. Nokes flogged her dreadfully with a heavy whip, sometimes thrusting the handle of the whip into her cunt, and even into her bottomhole, making her scream with pain, and he then called five or six of the biggest negroes to take the modesty out of her, which they did by fucking her before and behind, whilst she screamed, to the intense delight of the spectators, who all seemed mad with lascivious excitement, for I could see men, women, and even boys and girls, not more than ten or eleven years old, frigging and sucking each others organs of generation. "

"But surely, "said Flora, "your people didn't know you witnessed such scenes."

"Not always. ", replied Laura. "What I saw at Mr. Nokes' I saw by stealth, but still there is no hesitation in letting young women see the nakedness of slaves any more than there is of animals. Why a young overseer who my father had told to take me out riding, to make me a good horsewoman, never said a rude word to me himself, and was most respectful, still he did not hesitate a moment in exposing the nakedness of both men and women

slaves before me. One day we were out riding and crossed a deep gully, at the bottom was a thick cover of brushwood, here we heard a sound for he stopped his horse and called out 'Hallo! what's that, what are you doing here?'

- "A girl about seventeen was lying full length on the ground, and trying to hide herself in the bushes.
 - "'Hallo,'he said again,' who are you?'
 - "'Sall, sir, Sam's Sall, sir.'
 - "'What are you doing here?'
- " 'She made some reply about hiding from her father, who had threatened her.
- "'That won't do,' said the overseer, 'you are skulking from your work, go down on your knees.'
- "The girl knelt down on the ground, he struck her several blows with his raw hide whip, and although I was present he told her to pull up her clothes and lie down.
- "Without any hesitation, without a word of entreaty, she laid down, and drew all her clothes up under her armpits, exposing, I could not help thinking, a beautifully shaped bottom and thighs. He seized a bunch of twigs, and gave her beautiful ebony bum such a switching, making the poor thing cry and scream as she writhed about in her agony, as the twigs fairly cut into her flesh, and brought the blood. I must own that the sight affected me

most deeply, and I felt a tingling sensation about my own bumfiddle, which but for his being engaged as he was he must have observed from my agitation and deep blushes. That scene can never be erased from my memory as long as I live.

"At length he let her go, and remounting his horse, it was as much as I could do to compose myself under the ardent looks with which he seemed to regard me, in fact I almost wished he would venture upon some sort of freedoms with me, and am sure I should have forgiven him whatever lengths he had gone to.

"I've often heard of women in the family-way being laid on their faces to be flogged, holes having been dug in the ground for their bellies to go in."

"What disgusting cruelty!" exclaimed Flora, but you must have seen some really seductive scenes Laura, tell us one of them, don't mention what seems to make one's flesh crawl."

"Well then, I will tell you about a nigger's camp meeting, you know it is a kind of burlesque revivalist affair, and ought to be deeply religious, but you should see the flirtations, my dears, it is the only chance the handsome and good looking young nigger fellows and lasses may have of seeing each other (if on distant plantations) for months perhaps.

"When I was stopping with Mrs. Schenk I went

with her old cook Dorcas to one held close bye, in a beautiful wooded dell in Florida. The preacher was a notedly sanctified old nigger called Hilkiah —Ole Hilkiah, I ought to say. Well at first they commenced praying, then singing hymns, &c., which all thoroughly enjoyed, but when Ole Hilkiah, full of the spirit as an Evangelist, had once begun to hold forth, the younger part of his congregation gradually paired off for love making in the shady recesses of the wood, so I got away from Dorcas to see as much of the fun as I could.

"After wandering a short time the sounds of joyous laughter attracted me towards a small glade, and peeping through the bushes, I saw three young couples on the grass, none of them more than fifteen or sixteen years of age. It was a beautifully shaded spot, quite protected by the overhanging foliage from the fierce rays of the afternoon sun, whilst a bubbling rill of deliciously cool water, added to the enjoyability of their retreat.

"You may be sure I watched their proceedings with breathless interest.

"' Golly Sue, you hab fine leg!" said one good looking boy, pulling up his gal's petticoats, in spite of her pretended resistance.

"' No, nebber, nebber, Sambo! No one shall see dar.'

" And if she had not been black perhaps I should have seen her blush, and at the time I really thought her face turned much blacker.

"The others laughed, and encouraged him to go on, and take 'dat dam modest sham out ob de silly gal; make um all free alike, &c.'

"'See dar, Miss Sue, look at dem oders, dars Jack and Joe hab got um jocks out, and Suke and Poll all ready. Gorramighty, I'll hab you, see how stiff um is.'

"She struggled, but he threw her almost flat backwards, and tried to force her legs open, her ebony skin looked deliciously firm and polished, and displayed a lovely development of form.

"She was too strong for him, and fully bore out Queen Elizabeth's maxim, 'that no woman can be ravished by a single man against her will.' Manœuvre as he would, she kept her thighs closed, and wriggled her bum so that he never had a fair chance.

"At length he changed his tactics, and desisting from the direct attack, commenced kissing and talking to her solftly, and from what I could make of it, drawing her attention to the other two couples who were both in the height of what we may call a good fucking match.

" You should have seen prudish Sue's eyes how

they sparkled and dilated at the sight, still she kept answering to his entreaties, 'I dar'nt, I dar'nt Sambo, for fear um babby. 'Then he whispcred something else, which she seemed to consent to, and he at once directed his mouth to the black curly bush which shaded her dark lipped cunny, as her legs slightly relaxed their tightness. His tongue was soon busy, and I could see afforded the black wench evident pleasure, from the way she writhed about under his lascivious suckings and tittillations. She had come to the meeting in low bronzed slippers and nice white stockings, with a pink stripe in them, quite a bit of extravagance for a little nigger girl I should say, but they looked particularly nice in contrast to her ebony thighs, and for all her affected prudishness, I am sure she would have been vastly disappointed if no opportunity had come for the display.

"It puts me in mind of the tale of a young lady who went out somewhere with a gentleman to supper, and when desperately pressed to stop with him, at last declared it was impossible, as she was quite unprepared to stop out, and when at length she found he would have her ready or not, it turned out that she had really brought her nightdress with her.

" You know a little while ago Maud expressed

her disbelief in any man kissing or careing to kiss us there, I was a little bashful then, but now we have once done the trick with this dear dildoe, all reserve is gone, and you are welcome to know all I know.

"Then to go on. One slipper came off, and somehow Sambo as he laid below her managed to place her foot on his affair, which was in quite a rampant state, and impatient to be caressed. The touch seemed to send a thrill through her frame: that foot pressed and rolled his pego on his thigh or belly, till they were both lost to time and sense in a delirium of extacy, and I could see the pearly coloured essence of life spurting from it all over her foot.

" This ended the first act.

" Jack and Joe with their gals, had now come round to see how Sambo had fared, and at once insisted on his doing her properly. Suke and Poll each held one of Sue's arms, whilst their boys held her legs open, and Sambo, nothing loth, his steed as fiery as ever, soon delighted me by letting me see how a maidenhead is lost and won. The girl screamed, but he pushed on to victory, whilst, horror of horrors, would you believe it, as soon as Jack and Joe found he was safely and securely in possession, than one of them actually began to fuck

his bottomhole, whilst the other did the same to his mate; the two girls, Suke and Poll, seemed as astonished as I was, and banged the boys with their hands till the slaps could have been heard a long way off, but it only seemed to invigorate them more and more for their triumvirate fuck as I should call it, at any rate I know they all seemed to emit at the same time in a perfect frenzy of lust.

"Rather digusted, I turned from the sight of such extraordinary depravity in young boys, but have since learned that it is often taught them by overseers and masters, who prefer to gratify their lusts upon boys rather than girls, and so teach the young niggers the art and practice of sodomy.

"As I retraced my steps towards the camp meeting once more, I suddenly came upon Ole Hilkiah himself, seated under a tree, with a very pretty girl of a much lighter skin than usual, in fact she must have been three parts white at least, and I at once knew her as Mr. Schenk's 'Lizz,' a girl who I believe was both daughter and grand-daughter to her master, in fact she was his pet, and did almost as she liked, although of course a slave. She was considered very pious, and would never enter into the least kind of flirtation with young or old, and was considered a very paragon of virtue on the estate.

"They were seated on the slope at the foot of a large tree, so I managed quite easily to creep up behind them unseen.

"'Berry good ob you, Miss Lizz' I heard Ole Hilkiab say, 'to want to ask me more about de holy book—am it right to marry am it right to lub your feller creeturs? Whar would de worl be Miss, if nebber no babbies? What um book say, 'Be fruidful an muldeply,' dars de first commandment.'

"He let his bible fall on the turf as he went on, 'You hab little cunny, Miss Lizz, little ting here, just between um legs, little ting cubbered wid soft nicey hair; what dat for, um like to know?'

"The old sinner was trying to get his hand under her clothes, and she was all blushes, seeming unable to help herself.

"' De good Lord, order ebbery gal to hab childer, see Miss Lizz dars de ting he make dem with!'

"The old fellow letting out his prick into her hand at the moment.

"'Now, Miss Lizz, rub it up an down, up an down, an you will see de seed shoot dat make de babbies. Gorramighty bress you my lub, how nice!'

"He was now frigging her as well, and they hugged and kissed without restraint, till I saw him spend in her hand, and no doubt the pious hussey was equally busy herself, to judge by the way she flushed and turned up her eyes at what I thought must be the critical moment."

" It is all awfully shocking," said Maud.

"It is indeed," said Flora, "but still I daresay there is a bright side to the picture, and many coloured women are treated with affection."

"Plenty," said Laura, "in Carolina I know several planters who keep regular harems in the European style. Eunuchs and all, and many a voluptuous orgie they have, where whipping is only indulged in to increase pleasure, for a good birching behind has the singular effect of bringing a rush of blood to the posteriors and parts near, and so waking up alle the faculties seated there, I had some thoughts of going in for the medical profession, and I can tell you that I had some remarkable facts told me by my tutor, who was not at all foolishly particular in touching on such points.

He was a gentleman of extensive reading, and many remarkable things he told me, speaking of puberty. He told me of a girl he had met with, only four years of age, who for two years had had regular monthly menses, and who was thoroughly developed, her breasts large, and her pudenda covered with hair, though she was only three feet

high—this he called a curious case of precocious puberty."

"Oh," said Flora, "I have myself heard of several such cases, male as well as female. I remember my father alluding to a case he met with in his reading of a male who was infant, youth, adult, father, old man, and a corpse within seventeen years, and father's remark on it was "soon ripe, soon rotten."

"Very appropos," said Maud, "you were fortunate my dear Laura in having a medical friend you could speak so openly to. I have often wished I had. There are many things I should like to be enlightened on. I should like to know for instance whether a woman can conceive and have a child when a man has had connection with her whilst she was asleep or unconscious. I have always thought the female must be conscious, know what was being done, and participate in the pleasure, or no child would follow."

"You were right," said Laura, "there must be some sensibility of the act, often the unconsciousness is pretended, and in other cases the woman may not have sense left enough to prevent the act, but she was conscious of it. As a remarkable instance, a young priest travelling in Spain called at a house, and begged hospitality for the night.

He was shown into a room, a coffin was there, in which was the body of a young and beautiful woman, who they told him had died that day.

"It is the custom there to sit up all night with a body, and he offered to do so. His offer was accepted, and he stayed in the room praying. About midnight curiosity tempted him to look at the body. He saw a beautiful face, and as he thought an expression of life on it—it felt warm—his lust became inflamed, and so taking the body out of the coffin he ravished the corpse ad libitum, and certainly felt as much enjoyment as if she had only been in a swoon. Next morning he took his leave, thankful for the hospitality he had received.

"Soon after the Padre left, the apparent dead girl came to life, to the astonishment of her friends, who thought it a miracle performed by the holy man's prayers. But a few months after she showed signs of pregnancy, and was afterwards delivered of a healthy child. The priest again went through the village; he was told of what had happened, he was thunderstruck to see the mother and child, acknowledged the child as his, and not long after got absolved from his vows and married the young woman.

" Now numerous authorities cited this case as a proof that conception can take place when the

female is unconscious. But the truth is that after her marriage she confessed that at the time she had a knowledge of the outrage perpetrated upon her, that she was sensible of it, and though she had the will to resist it she had not the power, and at the moment of copulation she even experienced a sensation of pleasure. So this extraordinary instance confirms the idea that there must be consciousness and physical excitability to produce the state favourable to conception."

"Another horrible story," said Flora, "unless the priest had a sort of instinct that she was alive, but there Laura dear, let us divert our minds. So I mean now to change my sex and have Maud. So give me the magic staff."

Saying so Flora untied the instrument from Laura's thighs, laughed as she wiped from it the reeking love juice, and strapped it on, and remembering Laura's song, not to be outdone, she improvised the following:

MY DILDOE.

What is it alters nature's plan,
And turns me, woman, into man;
Gives me John Thomas 'stead of Fan,
My dildoe.

What is it sends a lovely thrill,
And causes Maudy's cunt to fill,
And wires into her with a will,
My dildoe.

What is it caused, us such surprise,
When first it lay before our eyes,
But now we all have learned to prize,
My dildoe!

Strapped to my body nice and tight,
What is it longs with lust to fight,
And fuck my Maudy with delight,
My dildoe!

Whilst repeating these words Flora, whom we have indicated was a well made, strong girl had armed herself with the priapus, and as she concluded she caught Maud in her arms, and with a well directed thrust, directed the head of the dildoe right between the lips of the expectant quim of the half resisting and timorous girl.

"Stop, stop! for heaven's sake stop," exclaimed the dildoe's fresh bride "do you think I want it dry, you have torgotten to put in the essence of love, Flora dear, in your eagerness to begin?"

There was now a laugh at Flora's expense as she

withdrew, but without unstrapping the instrument Maud pinched the scrotum until the air was excluded, then dipping its head into the warm lubricating liquid it at once refilled itself.

Laura meanwhile had been slyly tying a knot or two in a scarf, then seeing Flora again ready to take Maud's virginity, she dropped it, and went to the assistance of her friends. The dildoe was big and Maud's cunt being delicately small and tight, it was no easy matter to achieve the first insertion, the pain and distention were so great that she cried out quite sharply for Flora to stop—" oh, do stop for a moment, you'll kill me dear!"

Laura's assistance was most welcome, she opened poor Maud's slit for her, and used the cold cream plentifully both on that and the head of Mr. Dildoe.

Meanwhile Flora seemed to feel all the impatient fury of a man when attempting to rape a virgin, the pain she gave Maud only seemed to increase her own pleasure and amorous rage.

"Now go on again dear, you'll succeed this time," said Laura. 'Be firm Maudy darling, its only the first pinch, and then you'll find your reward in the heavenly bliss which follows."

The head of the machine was now in nearly a couple of inches, and just as the victim gave

another cry of agony, Flora gave a ruthless shove which fairly demolished all obstacles to its further insertion, and decided the victory in her favour, she was plunged to the hilt, and Laura could see from behind the sanguinary proofs of success, as the virgin blood trickled over the anus of the victim at every tresh insertion of the india-rubber tool.

This so fired her blood that she took up the knotted scarf, and laid on to Flora's buttocks with all her might, and so stimulated her friend that she worked away as greatly delighted as if she had really been a man, stirring up all the latent feelings of lubricity in the dreamy sensuous Maud, till she became perfectly wild with excitement, actually biting Flora till her teeth made the blood come, whilst she threw her delicious legs and thighs over her partner's buttocks with all the abandon of lustful energy.

"Ah! oh! oh!!! 'Tis heaven itself. I dissolve. I die. It's coming! Now, now, now, darling, let me feel the celestial juice!" she almost screamed, as the die away feeling came over her and Flora squeezed the dildoe to emission at the same instant, then both seemed lost as Flora lay listlessly on the top, soaking the artificial weapon in a mixture of sperm, blood, and the gelatinous contents which it had just discharged, as it oozed out in such

protusion, till the drops trickled down Maud's thighs to the floor.

" I wonder," said Maud, coming to herself a little, and as she felt her cunt palpitate upon the stiff shaft of the dildoe, which still filled her with pleasure, and a sense of satiety it is impossible to describe. "I wonder if the man really experiences as much pleasure as we do, in the act of coition?"

" No, it is generally admitted," said Flora, "that women experience the most pleasure, their's is a more refined, subtle, soul dissolving sensation, throwing them almost in reality into a state of delightful oblivion when they reach the acme of bliss in the act of emission. The men on their part have a more carnal enjoyment (if I may so term it), as with them it is merely working off the superabundance of animal vigour, which nature constrains. them to get rid of in the act of copulation, with them it seems a kind of brutal fury, rendering them oblivious to the fact of their victim perhaps suffering pain from the roughness of their attack, or if they think of it at all, it only adds to their lustful desire to have their way at all risks."

"Well I think it is my turn to feel a brutal lustful man, rummaging my very vitals with his prick; yes, I'm all impatience for my share of prick," interposed Laura, "you both know what it is like, and don't care now about poor little me. Get off Flora, let me take it off, and make a man of Maud for once in her life, and I'm sure she'll be a good one, to judge from the delight she seemed to experience, and will now know so well how it is to be imparted to me; don't blush Maud, its you're place to be more manly, and make love to me, your little expectant bride."

"So I will my pet," replied Maud, "you shall have no cause to call me selfish, but do let us rest a little first, and I think somewhere in the pocket of my dress I can find a letter from a young lady student at Vassar College, to a friend of mine who gave me a copy, and I brought it this evening, thinking it might interest you two dears, when we had once thrown off our maidenly reserve, after tasting the forbidden fruit, and I did not feel too bashful to read it."

" And so you shall my darling boy, as soon as I have girded on your artificial cock, I shall take pleasure in contemplating my husband as he reads to his Laura, before going to bed for the first night."

Maud was soon prepared, and all of them thought that the dildoe actually looked more lustful and ready, after the two good bouts it had gone through. The bridegroom seated on the edge of the bed began to read as follows, whilst Laura sat at his side, fondly caressing with her hand the instrument upon which all her thoughts and expectations were centred. Flora on the left hand of Maud also tenderly supported her with one arm round her waist, the disengaged hand gently frigging berself as the reading proceeded:

New-York,

SEPT. 10TH, 1874.

My dear May,

I told you so, I told you so! Don't ever again laugh at my suspicions. I was all along pretty sure, but after that ever memorable Sunday afternoon I was certain. And now, ho, I have such heaps to tell. I just wish I had you here this very minute, and I'd startle your ears with strange, strange recitals, and dilate your eyes with the sight of, oh, such naughty, naughty things, but you shall know all just as soon as term begins. I don't dare trust the tale to paper. Why can't you stop over on the way up? Do! and I'll agree to set you crazy in just five minutes. I'll show you such treasures as will make you believe I've the original lamp. By the way, do you know I have my own ideas as to the real nature of that lamp of Aladdin's?

You remember he used to take it out and rub it. and as a result something used to come, which gave him all he wanted. You remember he didn't rub it so much after he got that beautiful wife. I believe the story to be one of those tales peculiar to the East, wherein the real truth is told in symbols, hidden in figures. The most scandalous thing in regard to that precious "lamp" of Aladin's, is the fact that his mother was the first to rub it, and acquaint him with its virtues. The magician was perhaps culpable. But Eastern habits are extraordinary any way. The fire which he and Aladin kindled was perhaps in one another's veins. What the opening was which he induced the youth to enter really, is evident enough, without my so far encroaching upon the immodest as to name it. You remember the ingenuous Aladin related his strange experience to his mother, who it seems pretended at least to think it necessary to cleanse the lamp, and rubbing it she awoke the Genie, whatever that may have been. An Evil Spirit! Perhaps the Spirit of Lust, the Spirit of Incest! The two were mother and son, but remember they lived by themselves, the one a youth inexperienced, affectionate, and of proper age; the other a woman experienced and husbandless.

Now I have re-written the whole story, making

clear, according to my view, the half-hidden meaning of the original. You shall see it.

But it is nothing compared with my discovery. After you've been here ten minutes you'll never again expatiate upon the wonders of the naughty little book you found in your cousin's pocket.

The fact is I was right. My conjectures as to the character of the contents of---'s cabinet were correct! For, my dear, I have found, secured and appropriated that key. The long sought for, long talked of, is mine at last! And the cabinet has been explored! Oh, its fearful! I didn't dream there were such books in the world. Stories, poems, dictionaries, catalogues, and advertisements, all as bad as they can be. And the pictures are simply dreadful! Yes, pictures, coloured ones! with positively nothing left for the imagination. You haven't an idea how perfectly awful they are. Why, its enough to make the very paper they're on blush. Never were such facilities for investigation at the command of a lady of inquiring turn of mind, and I am doing a considerable amount of reading just now. I have suddenly acquired an unaccountable (?) thirst for information, and following the advice of my professors, I am taking full notes of what I read. I began to copy a naughty little story for you, but finally dertermined not to send it, but

save it for next term, so I might note its effect. However, I want you posted preparatory to a course of reading, such as I intend to introduce you to, and accordingly from several learned authors works, my notes, &c., particularly the " &c. " I have compiled a little vocabulary. I trust you will find it instructive. I have avoided, as far as I know, every appearance of pedantry, and aimed particularly at " perspicuity " in my definitions. Further, I have added a few quotations from some of the volumes which are just now engaging my attention. I have been careful to select from the most modest.

The vocabulary is not very full, nor have I attempted to arrange it in alphabetical order, I must admit, but its briefness, I trust, will prove its greatest fault. To amend that somewhat, I will send you later a supplement, which I shall begin to-day. Write me at once how you like this part. Don't show it for the world! Somebody will be sure to know my hand. You night copy it to make all sure. Be sure to hide it.

What would the handsome and unsuspecting ——say, if he only knew of a certain young lady's discoveries, und the liberties taken with his treasures. He is still abroad, perhaps getting new rarities for his collection. I hope so. I wonder

how he spends Sunday afternoons. Oh, I shall never forget that! After he returns I shall keep my eyes open, and ready for another such display you may believe,

Yours till death,

LUCILLE.

P.S.—Don't fail me; come at least by the Saturday before term, and we'll go on together Monday or so. If you can be here over Sunday we shall have things all our own way. The family, excepting myself, will be over in Jersey, at grandmother's, I shall stay with you.

L.

"How beautifully expressed, and so wrapped up that no one could take offence, are you likely to get the further correspondence or a sight of their funny vocabulary," asked Flora, when Maud had finished reading.

"I hope so, if nothing turns up to prevent it I believe they have a perfect Eldorado of curious literature in that cabinet," was the reply, and then Maud turning to Laura, began to caress her most lovingly.

" My sweet pet, are you ready for bed yet? Don't blush so my darling, look up, why should there be any prudery now we're married, did you never hear the lines:

Look in my eyes, my blushing fair,
Thou'lt see thyself reflected there;
And as I gaze on thine I see,
Two little miniature of me;
Thus in our looks true propagation lies,
For we make babies in each other's eyes.

"What a lovely idea," said Laura, "it is such a pity you are not a real man, my love, anxious as I am to experience all the joys this darling dildoe can impart, yet I'm awfully nervous, it looks so rampant and so big. Heigho! "as she gave a very deep and serious kind of sigh.

"Maud, be a man at once, don't give time for her silly timidity to spoil your game, urged Flora, "I'm quite impatient to be spectatrix this time, especially now we find our modest, timid Maud was not quite so green as she seemed to be. To business, throw back your bride, open her trembling thighs, and haste to plunge your fiery steed of love into her tight little golden haired pussey, be firm as well as gentle, I will help you all I can."

"Then let me lay on the bed, don't have me on the edge as you and Maud were done, and put a pillow under my bottom, to make all as easy as possible."

They soon had her placed right, then Maud kneeling between the legs of Laura, which were opened as wide as possible, at once brought the head of the dildoe to the entrance of that charming little rosebud of a cunt, as Flora opened the vermillion lips with her fingers, and rubbed a little cold cream in to ease the passage of Cupid's dart.

Now the crisis had arrived Laura screwed up her courage, and resolved to be deflowered as speedily as possible, her face turned crimson, but throwing her arms round Maud's neck she drew her lips to hers, and thrusting her tongue into her partner's mouth most wantonly, she heaved up her buttocks to meet the attack, and threw her legs over Maud's back in such an impassioned manner as to challenge the worst that could be done.

Ah! what a painful twist she gave, as the dildoe thrust against the virgin barrier of her unbroken hymen, but she neither flinched nor permitted herself to waver again.

Flora's fingers were busy tickling the bride's clitoris, so as to excite all the ardour of an unusually warm nature, whilst in the hope of making Maud

equally wild and lascivious, she put two fingers of her left hand behind her bottom, under the stomacher of the dildoe till they could frig her friend's cunt, which she found still reeking from the excessive overflow she had lately poured down under Flora's vigorous application of the artificial penis.

Thus stimulated and encouraged by the pluck shown by Laura, she pushed on as furiously as a real man would have done, a thrill of desire shooting through her veins, with greater intensity as she went on, especially when Flora shifting the fingers of her left hand, managed to get one into bottom as well as cunt, and almost drove her out of her mind, by the extraordinary excitement of their frigging both places at once. The dildoe was half in, and another powerful shove drove it home to the hilt.

"Now rest a moment, dears," said Flora, "and pleasure will soon succeed to pain. Laura, don't you feel gorged with that manly thing now so well home in you, begin again gently at first."

This advice was acted upon, Maud moved very solftly at first, till Laura beginning to get the sensation, exclaimed, as she began to wriggle and squirm about with pleasure, "Oh now, give it me love, quicker my darling, send it right up at every shove. Oh—ah—oh! oh! I shall melt, I'm coming my sweet. Ah, you dear. I die."

Flora was looking under Maud's bottom, and watching every stroke of the dildoe, as well as the working of her fingers frigging her friend, she could see the red tinted mixture of love juice and blood, as it oozed from the tight golden haired quim of Laura, and felt also the spendings of Maud as she came at the same time.

Both were exhausted, and lay in each other's arms in a listless kind of extasy, which so excited Flora, that withdrawing her fingers, she began smartly slapping Maud's bottom to start her again, exclaiming, "Wake up, go on again, you haven't half given a taste of love yet to my dear Laura!"

Then getting up on the bed behind her friend she brought her own cunt against Maud's bottom, and clasping her round the waist frigged herselt till she spent all over her friend's bottom, and fairly set them going again in a regular tussle of love.

After this the dildoe was dispensed with, and the three girls indulged in a wild orgie of lust, alternately frigging, and sucking each other's most sensitive parts, neither one would be outdone by the other, till nature was fairly exhausted, and they all of them fell into a delicious slumber, to dream over again, and experience all the delights which the darling dildoe had procured them during that eventful evening.

Perhaps in a future work Flora McPherson and her friends, Maud and Laura, will again appear before our readers, as they peruse the Vassar Vocabulary, and relate their further adventures.

FINIS.

A PHANTOM FUCK!

CANTO I.

One night whilst lying on my bed, Dreaming that love and I were wed, I heard a voice that gently said,

" Do it! "

Entranced, I scarcely moved or stirred, I doubted if aright I'd heard, But still again the whisper'd word,

" Do it!"

Clasping with rapture as they rose, Her breasts as white as arctic snows, She said, " Now love, whilst no one knows, And I unloose my under clothes,

Do it! "

'T was but a dream, amazing sweet, For waking up mid'st sweat and heat, I found I had upon the sheet—

"Done it!"

CANTO II.

I scarce had gone to sleep once more, When accents I had heard before, Stole like a trance my senses o'er, "Do it again!"

My frame was in a perfect flutter,
A single word I could not utter,
But still the same sweet voice did mutter,
" Do it again!"

My heart did wildly palpitate,
I never felt in such a state,
She said, "Come darling, do not wait,
Look at the time, its getting late,
Do it again!"

I then commenced, and raised her shirt, She woke me, crying, "Love, you hurt," And found I had upon my shirt— "Done it again!"



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